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## READING FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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ELSIE AMY WYGANT

Third Year, University Elementary School

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The children in the second grade have made a portfolio to hold reading-slips, and under this cover the major part of the reading will be found.

These particular slips cover three general types: the words of the songs they are singing; some poems and jingles not found in any one book; and the first of a series of sketches taken from Waterloo's *Story of Ab*, published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. The sketches are taken from the original text, in so far as the necessary simplicity of the beginnings of reading will allow. A part of the *Story of Ab* is told or read to the children directly from Waterloo's story; then the children supplement this by their own reading of the following sketches. This brings to their efforts at reading the impetus which the dramatic element and literary quality in the story itself furnish, and only in so far as it calls up that larger background is it valuable.

Some of the rhymes are selected for memory-work; others (taken from Edward Lear's *Nonsense Books*, published by Little & Brown, Boston), for the sake of the fun they hold. Childish humor, because it is so far from subtle, so wearisome in its repetition, and so often pointless, bores, embarrasses, and teases the average grown-up, and is neglected not only in the home, but also in the whole educational system. It is as food for this very positive appetite of children that the Lear limericks are chosen.

The children will include also in their portfolio the selections made from Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song*, which appeared last April in this magazine. In addition to the reading-slips are used:

*Heart of Oak Series*, Vols. I and II (D. C. Heath & Co.).

*Garden of Verse* (Rand, McNally & Co.).

*Eskimo Stories*, by Mary E. Smith (Rand, McNally & Co.).

*Tree Man* and *Early Cave Man*, by Miss Dopp (Rand, McNally & Co.).

*Stories for Children*, by Mrs. Lane (American Book Co.).

*Little Black Sambo* and *Peter Rabbit* (Warne Co., New York).

The above volumes are used because they offer material helpful in the work that is being done. Few will be read through, but selections will be made from all.

Copies of Perry Pictures are used as illustrations in the portfolio.

### I. WORDS OF SONGS

#### SEPTEMBER

(Music by Eleanor Smith in *Songs of Life and Nature*)

The goldenrod is yellow,  
The corn is turning brown,  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down;  
The gentians' bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun;  
The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook,  
And asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook;  
From dewy lanes at morning  
The grapes' sweet odors rise;  
At noon the road's aflutter  
With yellow butterflies.  
By all these lovely tokens  
September's days are here,  
With summer's best of weather,  
And autumn's best of cheer.

H. H.

HARVEST SONG

(French Folk Song found in *Natural Music Course for Elementary Grades*,  
Published by Ginn & Co.)

O'er our fields the frost has descended.  
Labor is done; gone is the sun;  
Safely stored, the harvest is ended—  
All in a ring, dancing we sing.  
She who leads is innocent pleasure,  
Ending the year gladly with cheer;  
Joy and comfort, barns full of treasure—  
Everywhere health, season's ripe wealth.

THE CHESTNUT

(Music by Frank Atkinson, from *Songs in Season*)

I live in a little brown house—  
With velvet and fur it is lined.  
I am hid like a little grey mouse,  
And my door is tight-shut you will find.  
But when I am really full grown  
With a shell and a sweet little core,  
And my house is as hard as a stone,  
Jack Frost then will open the door.

ALICE'S SUPPER

(Music by Eleanor Smith, in *Songs for Little Children*)

Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,  
And the reapers are making their cradles sweep;  
And this is the song that I hear them sing  
While cheery and loud their voices ring:  
"Tis the finest wheat that ever did grow,  
And it is for Alice's supper, ho! ho!"  
Far down in the valley the old mill stands,  
And the miller is rubbing his dusty hands,  
And these are the words I hear him say  
As he watches the mill-stones grinding away:  
"Tis the finest flour that money can buy,  
And it is for Alice's supper, hi! hi!"

Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,  
And the cook is kneading the soft, white dough,  
And this is the song she is singing today  
As merry and busy she works away:  
“’Tis the finest dough whether near or far,  
And it is for Alice’s supper, ha! ha!”

To the nursery now comes mother at last,  
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?  
’Tis a plateful of something all yellow and white,  
And she sings as she comes with her smile so bright:  
“’Tis the best bread and butter I ever did see,  
And it is for Alice’s supper, he! he!”

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#### MISTRESS COW

(Music by Neidlinger, found in *Earth, Sky and Air in Song*. Words arranged)

Mistress Cow stands at the gate—  
Every evening she will wait—  
Calling slow, calling low,  
“M—m—m.”

Now the boy calls: “So, boss, So!  
Did you think I would not come?”  
And she answers, “M—m,”  
As he leads her off toward home.

There they milk the good old cow,  
And she fills the foaming pail—  
Butter, cheese, and cream for us  
She will give and never fail.

Mistress Cow stands at the gate—  
Every morning she will wait—  
Calling slow, calling low,  
“M—m—m.”

WAKE, VIOL AND FLUTE

(Music by E. Richter, found in Second Book, *Modern Music Series*)

Wake, viol and flute!  
 Gay horn, be not mute!  
 The harvest is over, the grain and the clover,  
 Ripe fruit from the tree,  
 All garnered have we.

Our broad fields we plowed,  
 We harrowed and sowed,  
 We toiled on together in fair and foul weather.  
 Our labor was blessed,  
 Now sweet is our rest.

Wake, viol and flute!  
 Gay horn, be not mute!  
 While dancing and singing sweet pleasure are bringing,  
 Let all the world come  
 To keep Harvest Home!

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HURRAH, BOYS!

(Music by Angelica Hartmann, in Second Book, *Modern Music Series*)

Hurrah, boys, hurrah! the grapes at last have grown  
 The ploughs and the harrows  
 Lie still in the furrows—  
 Their labor is done, the harvest has begun.

Hurrah boys, hurrah! the grapes at last have grown  
 As purple and mellow as evening's dark shadow.  
 The meadow is strown  
 With hay but newly mown.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah! now comes to all the earth  
 A time of thanksgiving and sociable living  
 Of innocent mirth  
 Around the crackling hearth.

## II. POEMS AND RHYMES

## HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children said :

"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red ;

It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly pouting leaf,

"Let us a little longer stay ;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,

'Tis such a very pleasant day

We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes. swung,

Whispering all their sports among,

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg and coax and fret."

But the great Tree did no such thing—

He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried ;

And ere the leaves could urge their prayer

He shook his head and far and wide,

Fluttering and dancing everywhere,

Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them on the ground—they lay

Golden and red, a huddled swarm,

Waiting till one from far away,

White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,

Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,  
 "Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;  
 And from below each sleepy child  
 Replied, "Goodnight," and murmured,  
 "It is so nice to go to bed."

SUSAN COOLIDGE

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THE SNOWBIRD

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,  
 The thrush in the roses below;  
 The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,  
 But the snowbird sings in the snow.  
 Ah me!  
 Chickadee!  
 The snowbird sings in the snow!

The blue martin trills in the gable,  
 The wren in the gourd below;  
 In the elm flutes the golden robin,  
 But the snowbird sings in the snow.  
 Ah me!  
 Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

—Part selected from HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH'S "Snowbird"

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THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the woods  
 To grandfather's house we go;  
 The horse knows the way  
 To carry the sleigh  
 Through the white and drifted snow.  
 Over the river and through the woods—  
 Oh how the wind does blow!  
 It stings the toes  
 And bites the nose,  
 As over the ground we go.



Over the river and through the woods  
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray!  
 Spring over the ground  
 Like a hunting hound!  
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the woods  
 And straight through the barn-yard gate.  
     We seem to go  
     Extremely slow—  
 It is so hard to wait!  
 Over the river and through the woods  
 Now grandfather's cap I spy!  
     Hurrah for the fun!  
     Is the pudding done?  
 Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

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#### A THANKSGIVING FABLE

It was a hungry pussy-cat upon Thanksgiving morn,  
 That watched a thankful little mouse that ate an ear of corn.  
 "If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be  
 When he has made a meal himself to make a meal for me!  
 Then with his thanks for having fed and his thanks for feeding  
     me,  
 With all *his* thankfulness inside how thankful I shall be!"  
 Thus mused the hungry pussy-cat, upon Thanksgiving Day:  
 But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks)  
     to stay.

OLIVER HERFORD

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#### LIMERICKS

There was an Old Man of the Coast  
 Who placidly sat on a post;  
 But when it was cold he relinquished his hold,  
 And called for some hot buttered toast.

There was an Old Person of Rheims  
Who was troubled with horrible dreams;  
So to keep him awake they fed him with cake,  
Which amused that Old Person of Rheims.

There was an Old Man of Dundee  
Who lived in the top of a tree;  
When disturbed by the crows he abruptly arose  
And exclaimed: "I'll return to Dundee."

There was a Young Lady of Bute  
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;  
She played several jigs to her uncle's white pigs,  
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.

EDWARD LEAR

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

I

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
They took some honey and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the moon above  
And sang to a small guitar:  
"Oh lovely Pussy! Oh Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful pussy you are!"

II

Pussy said to the Owl: "You elegant fowl!  
How wonderful sweet you sing!  
Oh let us be married—too long we have tarried—  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away for a year and a day  
To the land where the Bong tree grows,  
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

## III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the piggy: "I will."  
So they took it away and were married next day  
By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined upon mince and slices of quince  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

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CALICO PIE

## I

Calico pie,  
The little birds fly  
Down to the calico tree:  
Their wings were blue,  
And they sang "tilly-loo!"  
Till away they flew;  
And they never came back to me!  
They never came back,  
They never came back,  
They never came back to me!

## II

Calico jam,  
The little fish swam  
Over the Syllabub Sea.  
He took off his hat  
To the Sole and the Sprat,  
And the Willeby-wat;  
But he never came back to me!  
He never came back,  
He never came back,  
He never came back to me!

III

Calico ban,  
 The little mice ran  
 To be ready in time for tea;  
 Flippity flup,  
 They drank it all up,  
 And danced in the cup;  
 But they never came back to me!  
     They never came back,  
     They never came back,  
 They never came back to me!

IV

Calico drum,  
 The grasshoppers come,  
 The butterfly, beetle, and bee.  
 Over the ground,  
 Around and round,  
 With a hop and a bound;  
 But they never came back to me!  
     They never came back,  
     They never came back,  
 They never came back to me!

EDWARD LEAR

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III. STORIES ADAPTED FROM STANLEY WATERLOO'S "STORY OF AB"

I. A LITTLE BROWN BABY

A long, long time ago a little brown baby lived in a forest. He lived with his father and mother in a cave. This cave was on the side of a river bank. Above and about the cave was a deep forest. A steep slope of 150 feet led down from the cave to the river below.

The front of the cave was blocked with great rocks; only a narrow entrance was left.

A fire burned in front of this entrance.

This was Ab the brown baby's home.

## II. INSIDE THE CAVE

Inside the cave was a great rock room.  
The room was 20 feet square and 15 feet high.  
Ledges of rock jutted out into the room.  
Ab's mother, Red-Spot, used these for shelves.  
A beam of light fell on the floor.  
The light came through a hole in the roof.  
This hole was a chimney.  
Ab's father dug it down from the level ground above.  
It let in the light and it let out the smoke.  
Below this hole a fire burned.  
It lighted up the dark corners of the cave.  
It showed a bed of leaves in one corner.  
The bed was covered with skins.  
Here Ab slept at night.

## III. A MEAL IN THE CAVE

One day Ab and his father and mother had been out in the forest.

Toward night they came home.  
The cave was dark.  
Red embers glowed in the fire-place.  
Red-Spot threw twigs and dried leaves on the embers.  
Soon there was a roaring fire.  
Little Ab rolled on the earthen floor and crowed in the fire-light.  
One-Ear, Ab's father, pointed to something in the corner.  
It was a hind quarter of wild horse.  
Red-Spot laughed when she saw it.  
She pointed to a shelf on the side of the cave.  
There were nuts and berries and wild honey.  
She had gathered them in the afternoon while Ab was asleep.  
Now they would have a fine meal.  
She tossed nuts on the embers.  
Pop! pop! pop! the nuts began to roast.  
One-Ear cut the meat in strips.  
He stuck them on pointed sticks to broil over the fire.

How good it smelled.  
Soon the meal was ready.  
They ate and then lay down on the bed of leaves to sleep.

#### IV. THE FOREST AT NIGHT

It was still in the cave.  
But outside it was not so still.  
Great beasts glided through the dark forest.  
The wild horse and elk and bison came from the forest to drink at the river.  
The cave bear and the fierce cave tiger came out to hunt.  
The rhinoceros trumped in the river.  
The wolves howled in the darkness.  
Yet all this time Ab and Red-Spot and One-Ear slept in the cave.  
They were well-fed and warm and safe.  
No beast larger than a wild cat could get through the narrow entrance.  
And even they would not for the entrance was barred.  
No beast that ever lived dared face that entrance—for it was barred with fire.  
All night pine knots flickered and flamed at the narrow entrance.  
So the three in the cave were safe.